DAVID AND ABSALOM.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A GREAT SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

The Parent and the Wayward Son-Love of Home, Industry and the Christian Religion as the Safeguards of Young Men-Keeping the Lord's Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.-In his sermon today Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from II Samuel xviii, 29, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion.

The two great questions were to be decided-the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield-the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would to God I had died for thee. O Absalom! my son! my son!"

The Shipwreck of Men.

My friends, the question which David, the king, asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds today in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded. They see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflict into which he is going must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society today. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the center of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.

which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but, oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain formbouse and singing under

the weeping willows. The barred gate-

way swung open by porter in full dress

does not mean as much to you as that

swing gate, your sister on one side of

it and you on the other, she gone 15

years ago into glory; that scene com-

Home as a Safeguard.

young men? The first safeguard of

Now, what are the safeguards of

backward and forward on the gate. opening now. Young men of the strong singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopt- a great achievement. ed home. That also is sacred forever. There you established the first family Sabbath. Tell me how a young man altar. There your children were born, spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you In that room flapped the wing of the what are his prospects in business, and death angel. Under that roof, when I will tell you what are his prospects your work is done, you expect to lie for the eternal world. God has thrust down and die. There is only one word Into our busy life a sacred day when we in all the language that can convey are to look after our souls. Is it exorbiyour idea of that place, and that word tant, after giving six days to the feedis "home."

man who was faithful to his early and for the feeding and clothing of the imadopted home who was given over at mortal soul? the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the clubroom, in the literary society, they need to be wound up, and if they in the art salon, than you do in these are not wound up they run down into unpretending home pleasures, you are the grave. No man can continuously on the road to ruin. Though you may break the Sabbath and keep hispaysical be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from and they will tell you they never knew all your kindred, young man, is there men who continuersly broke the Sab not a room somewhere that you can call bath who did not fail in mind body your own? Though it be the fourth moral principle. A manufacturer gas story of a third class boarding house, this as his experience. He wid: "I into that room gather books, pictures owned a factory on the Lehigh Every and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth everything went on well. But one Sabstand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's refused all food and drink until I had love and a sister's confidence, call it

A Rotten Beam In the Palace. men is industrious habits. There are a gratulated me on my great success. I great many people trying to make their put that shuttle into play. I enlarged way through the world with their wits my business; but, sir, that Sunday's instead of by honest toil. There is a work cost me \$30,000. From that day young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is business, and I lost my mill. Oh, my as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. He is think it old fogy advice, bit I give it seated in his room at a rent of \$2,000 a to you now: "Remember the Sabbath year, waiting for the banks to declare day and keep it holy. Sir days shalt their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy plates of other merchants' signatures. Never mind-all is right in prove that all this was a fillacy, and so business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire And he plowed the field on the Sabto the country, amid the flocks and the bath, and then he put in the seed on the herds, to culture the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and he reaped it on the Sabbah, and he carwith their ox teams draw him logs, and ried it into the mow on the Sabbath, with their hard hands will help to and then he stood out defiant to his heave up the castle. That is no fancy Christian neighbors and said, "There, sketch; it is everyday life. I should that is my Sunday crop and it is all not wonder if there were a rotten beam garnered." After awhile a storm came in that palace. I should not wonder if up and a great darkness, and the light-God should smite him with dire sick nings of heaven struck the barn, and nesses and pour into his cup a bitter away went his Sunday cop.

draft that will thrill him with undraft that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace and to make his life a the last because I want it to be the more shame. I should not wonder if that man emphatic. The great safeguard for every died a dishonorable death and were young man is the Christian religion. tumbled into a dishonorable grave and Nothing can take the place of it. You then went into the gnashing of teeth. may have gracefulness enough to put to The way of the ungodly shall perish.

dustry of head or hand or foot, or perish. Do not have the idea that you can get literature, you may have a pen of unalong in the world by genius. The curse equaled polish and power, you may of this country today is geniuses -men have so much business tact that you with large self conceit and nothing can get the largest salary in a banking else. The man who proposes to make house, you may be as sharp as Herod his living by his wits probably has not and as strong as Samson, and with as any. I should rather be an ox, plain and long locks as those which hung Absaplodding and useful, than to be an lom, and yet you have no safety against eagle, high flying and good for nothing temptation. Some of you look forward but to pick out the eyes of carcasses, to life with great despondency. I know Even in the garden of Eden it was not it. I see it in your faces from time to safe for Adam to be idle, so God made time. You say, "All the occupations him a horticulturist, and if the mar-ried pair had kept busy dressing the chance for me." Oh, young man, cheer vines they would not have been saun- up! I will tell you how you can make tering under the trees, hankering after your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of fruit that ruined them and their pos- God and his righteousness, and all othterity! Proof positive of the fact that er things will be added. I know you do when people do not attend to their busi- not want to be mean in this matter. ness they get into mischief. "Go to the You will not drink the brimming cup ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways of life and then pour the dregs on God's and be wise, which, having no overseer altar. To a generous Saviour you will or guide, provideth her food in the not act like that; you have not the heart summer and gathereth her meat in the to act like that. That is not manly. harvest." Satan is a roaring lion, and That is not honorable. That is not you can never destroy him by gun or brave. Your great want is a new heart, pistol or sword. The weapons with and in the name of the Lord Jesus which you are to beat him back are pen Christ I tell you so today, and the blessand type and hammer and adz and saw ed Spirit presses through the solemnities and pickax and yardstick and the weapon of this hour to put the cup of life to of honest toil. Work, work, or die.

Aim High. sent to young men is a high ideal of other friendships, prove recreant to all life. Sometimes soldiers going into bat- other bargains, but despise God's love tle shoot into the ground instead of into for your dying soul-do not do that. the hearts of their enemies. They are There comes a crisis in a man's life, apt to take aim too low, and it is very and the trouble is he does not know it often that the captain, going into con- is the crisis. I got a letter in which a flict with his men, will cry out, "Now, man says to me: men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at pel of righteousness and temperance to all. The artist plans out his entire the people. Do you remember me? I am thought before he puts it upon canvas, the man who appeared at the close of the before he takes up the crayon or the service when you were worshiping in chisel. An architect thinks out the en- the chapel after you came from Philatire building before the workmen begin. delphia. Do you remember at the close Although everything may seem to be of the service a man coming up to you unorganized, that architect has in his all a-tremble with conviction, and crymind every Corinthian column, every ing out for mercy, and telling you he Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital, had a very bad business, and he thought A poet thinks out the entire plot of his he would change it? That was the turnpoem before he begins to chime the ing point in my history. I gave up my cantos of tinkling rhythms. And yet bad business. I gave my heart to God, there are a great many men who start and the desire to serve him has grown the important structure of life without upon me all these years, until now woe knowing whether it is going to be a is unto me if I preach not the gospel." rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without know- point of that young man's history. This ing whether it is to be a Homer's very Sabbath hour will be the turning "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Out point, in the history of 100 young men of 1,000, 999 have no life plot. Booted in this house. God help us! I once stood and spurred and caparisoned, they has-ten along, and I run out and say: "Hel-gyman who told this marvelous story. lo, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" He said: they say. Oh, young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life started out to attend Park theater, New plot. Alas, that there should be on this York, to see a play which made religion sea of life so many ships that seem ridiculous and hypocritical. They had bound for no port! They are swept ev-ery whither by wind and wave, up by They started for the theater to see that the mountains and down by the valleys. vile, play, and, their early convictions They sail with no chart. They gaze on came back upon them. They felt it was no star. They long for no harbor. Oh, not right to go, but still they went. young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard.

There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are to the door, but had not the courage to ing back to you today, as you swept

arm and of the stont heart and of the bounding step, I marshal you today for

Another safeguard is a respect for the ing and clothing of these pershable Now. let me say that I never knew a bodies, that God should demand me day

Keep the Lord's Day.

Our bodies are seven day closis, and and mental health. Ask those aged menthing prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and bath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before susset, and I completed that shuttle. By sandown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and Another safeguard for these young friends this new shuttle. They all conthy God; in it thou shall not do any work." A man said that he would be said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." Sabbath, and he cultured he ground on the Sabbath. When the havest was ripe,

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may O young man, you must have in have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and

your thirsty lips. Oh, thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mer-Another safeguard that I want to pre- cy, long suffering mercy. Despise all

"I start out now to preach the gos-The Other Man.

That Sunday night was the turning

"Thirty years ago two young men

go in. He again started for home and ent home. The other young man went He went from one degree of temptaon to another. Caught in the whirl of volity and sin, he sank lower and wer. He lost his business position. He st his morals. He lost his soul. He ied a dreadful death, not one star of ercy shining on it. I stand before you day," said that minister, "to thank ed that for 20 years I have been peritted to preach the gospel. I am the her young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning oint-the one went back, the other ent on. The great roaring world of usiness life will soon break in upon on, young men. Will the wild wave ash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of he sand on the beach? You need somehing better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart, and it sounds hollow. You went something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save

The Barber Was Fitty.

They said I would find a barber shop when I got to the hamlet of Booneville, and as I rode into the place I kept my eye open for the legendary sign. Nothing of the sort was to be seen, however, and I finally stopped at a shoeshop and asked the cobbler sitting on the steps in the sunshine if there really was a barber shop in town.

"Why, certainly," he replied, "this s the barber shop.

"And can I get a shave?" "Of course. Come right in." "But what sort of a shop do you run?" asked as I looked about and failed to see any tokens.

"Shop is all right, sir. I have no barber's chair, but that doesn't matter. Sit down on my shoe bench, please."

"Have you any soap?" "No regular shaving soap, sir, but plenty of soft soap, which is just as

"Where's your razor?"

"I haven't a regular razor, but one of my shoe knives will do just as well. In fact, all my customers prefer a shoe knife to a razor. Just take off your coat and I'll pin this coffee sack around your

I told him that I guessed I'd wait till I got down to Knoxville to be shaved. and he looked a bit relieved as he re-

"Just as you like, sir. I had a fit come on me the other day while I was shaving a man, and the first thing I knew I had cut his ear off. I feel fitty this morning, and being as you appear to be a nervous, overparticular man, perhaps you'd better pass on, as you suggest. Yes, sir. Good day, sir, and I might cut your nose off, sir!"—Detroit

Wonderful Eyes of Insects.

The "facets" of the eye masses of some species of insects are exceedingly numerous-in some cases, in fact, the number is entirely beyond belief. Each of these separate "facets" is a perfect eye, and they are so arranged as to give their insect owner a commanding view of all the cardinal points and every conceivable intermediate direction at or and the same time. In the ant, the little creature which we have had so many not to exceed 50 facets in the great compound eye. It has been argued that this is nature's provision, because the ant spends so much of its time underground. This may be true, but what is the naturalist going to do about Blaps mucronata, the most sluggish of the European beetles? This last named creature spends ninety-nine-hundredths of its time in the dark, yet has 250 eye facets! Meloe, another insect of similar habits, has

over 500 facets in each eye mass. In certain varieties of the dragon flies the aggregate of facets in the compound eye often exceeds 12,000. It appears to be a general rule, notwithstanding the exception cited above, that the swiftest insects have the greatest number of eye facets. The swift winged butterflies have from 10,000 to 17,000 in each eye mass, and the mordella, the swiftest and most active known beetle (a resident of Britain), has no fewer than 25,-000 facets in each of his enormous compound eyes.—St. Louis Republic.

A Shaker's Opinion of Society.

Some years ago I knew an elder of the Shakers who differed from many of his brethren in having thought much about the social structure of his sect, though their communal life was rather favorable to thinking in all of them. We were talking one day of the life of the world, which I defended, and he said in concession of my ground at one point: "If good society were what it appears to be on the surface, I could not find fault with it. If people in society behaved toward one another from motives of real kindness, as they behave now from motives of politeness, society would be an image of heaven; for in society you see people defer to one another, the strong give way to the weak; the brilliant and the gifted will not put the rest at a disadvantage, and they all seem to meet on an equality. The trouble is that their behavior is merely a convention and not a principle. They behave beautifully from politeness and not from kindness. -From "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in Century.

Responding to the Bugle.

Apropos of the intense love that cavalry horses have for music, a correspondent of The Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette writes that when the Sixth dragoons recently changed their quarters, a mare belonging to one of the troopers was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed on the journey the following morning. Two days later another detachment of the same regiment, accompanied by the band, arrived. The sick mare was in a loose box, but hearing the martial strains kicked a hole through the side of her box and making her way through the shop of a tradesman took her place in the troop before she was secured and brought back to the stable.

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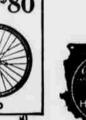






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